

Good Morning 338

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Anyone want these houses?

A MANSION on the lovely shores of Loch Long was recently knocked down for £5 under the auctioneer's hammer—a stately home with four reception rooms, a billiard room and eleven bedrooms.

Fitted with electric light and central heating, enjoying 12 acres of grounds and a private jetty, it was sold for a song. It just happened to be one of those houses that, despite the housing shortage, nobody wants to live in.

Not long ago a 14-room house in Glasgow, known locally as the "Wedding House," was auctioned without reserve—and netted precisely 5s., St. Heliers, the mansion on which Lord Trent lavished £6,000, was eventually sold to a Nottingham builder for £7. And there are still some houses which can't be sold either for love or money.

Nobody has put forward any bids so far for Shadow Lawn Manor, the chateau a former Woolworth's president built in New Jersey. Interested?

It has 30 bathrooms with marble baths and gold-plated taps, a theatre seating 500, an indoor swimming pool, a grand organ and a special room equipped for observing ships at sea. It has been estimated that there are not more than 20 families in America who would afford to maintain the house. With its 128 rooms, you might find the rates a trifle high.

There are no offers, similarly, for Falcon Lair, the eerie-looking castle which Rudolph Valentino built for himself at a cost of £40,000 in Hollywood. It could be had for an eighth of the original cost, but it's just a white elephant. Unlike the "Garden of Allag," Nazimova's old home, it can't be turned into flats. Around the Beverley Hills to-day you can rent the one-time homes of Marlene Dietrich, Mae West and Harold Lloyd, but they're all headaches to estate agents.

Then there is Casa Loma, the turreted and battlemented baronial mansion built by Sir Henry Pellatt, one of the millionaires of Toronto. Said to be the largest home on the American continent, it took three years to build and cost £500,000. Its owner had travelled Europe for thirty years, photographing scores of turrets, windows, drawbridges, archways and moats which he meant to incorporate in the structure.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/c Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



The Great "Dixie" in action

HERE'S NEWS (and a photo) FROM HOME, O.S. JOHN KAY

ONE big birthday party for two sons in the Navy, a daughter in the A.T.S., and another girl in a war factory, is being planned by Mrs. Edith Kay, of 873, Beverley High-road, Hull, one whose naval sons is Ordinary Seaman John Kay, now serving on one of His Majesty's submarines.

Mrs. Kay told us:—

"The big birthday party I am looking forward to is when they are all home together, for the first time since the war began. That will be a day of days for me. They are all doing their bit now, and, like all other mothers, I am proud of them."

But what Mrs. Kay did not want to talk about was the bit she has done herself in connection with the war. Right through the raids she was bravely doing her duty as a nurse right in the heart of the city. Once when she got home she found that one bomb had dropped in front of her house and another behind.

Now there is less for nurses to do on the Hull front, Mrs. Kay is spending all her time working for her fighting family.

When a "Good Morning" man called, Mrs. Kay was

HE WAS WORLD'S GREATEST GOAL-SCORER!

IF a list were compiled of the greatest of all players, and figure on this scroll of fame the impossible situation developed whereby every expert agreed with the names on the list, it is highly probable that

Certain it is, also that William Ralph Dean, known all over the world as "Dixie" would be the most prominent. There has never been another leader like "Dixie" Dean, and his record of sixty goals in the 1927-28 season will take some beating.

As a schoolboy at Birkenhead, young Bill Dean was the wonder of the district with goal-scoring feats every week. One Saturday, playing for three different teams, he smashed home 18 goals. When only 15 years of age he was playing for Tranmere's League side, and in 1925, when he had just passed his seventeenth birthday, Everton secured his transfer and he started on the road to fame.

Dean's greatness was achieved in the face of great difficulty. His speciality, before a serious motor accident, was heading goals. Doctors, however, told him that he might never be able to play forward, let alone head a ball. "Dixie" had other ideas, and hopes, and when fit again resumed his career. To crown his success, it was with a "header" that he beat Steve Bloomer's record of 352 goals in League football.

Do not imagine that Dixie Dean was just a natural ball player. True, he possessed great talent—but he was always training to improve himself, and it was not an uncommon sight to see young players sending over centres for the leader to smash into the net, or lobbing the ball high so that Dixie could practice new methods of nodding it past opposing goalkeepers.

With his dark good looks, easy manner, and wonderful confidence, Dixie Dean has stamped himself as a superb centre-forward. So much, then, for Dixie Dean, Everton's greatest player.

Behind him he had at different times international centre-half-backs in Tom Griffiths (Wales), Charlie Gee (England), and Tom White (England). In fact, Everton have always had superb pivots, but Griffiths must surely rank among their best. Certain it is that he was one of the best centre-half-backs produced by Welsh international teams between the two wars.

Tall, weighty, but extremely quick for a man of his size, Tom, just before Everton secured him from Wrexham, was an inside-forward. During the course of a match, when the Wrexham pivot was injured, Griffiths took over, and played so well that he was retained in this position. A few months

packing a parcel of books and some drawing pins for John's brother Bob, Leading Signaller Robert Kay. John will be glad to know that the reason for Bob's SOS for drawing pins is that he is now in the charming Azores and able to devote quite a lot of time to his artistic work, for before joining the Navy Bob was an art student.

Edith, John's 21-years-old "soldier" sister is keeping up her admirable record by writing mother a letter every day, and 17-years-old Irene looks like being able to remain at home on account of the importance of her present job.

Bob, by the way, has got into a football team—nice work, eh?—but in his last letter home he says the thing he is looking forward to most is meeting his brother John again, for John and Bob have not seen each other for more than two years.

And all's well at home, John. Good Hunting.

JOHN ALLEN continues his Series "Knights of Soccer"

later Everton had paid a large fee for his services.

There are some who think that Tom Griffiths did not show all his brilliance while at Goodison Park, but certain it is that he had few peers as a pivot while in Everton's blue shirt.

Just behind him, at left-back, there played perhaps the most popular full-back of the last twenty years. Warney Cresswell, bald-headed, with an always serious face, and a wiry frame, looked what he was—the Alex James of defenders. No running about after speedy wingers for Warney; he just allowed the speedsters to race down the touch-line, and send over a centre—and up would come his bald head and back would go the ball to an Everton forward.

Positional play was the secret of Warney Cresswell's success. He studied football from every possible angle, with the result that he seemed to resemble a magnet, so far as the ball was concerned.

With such confidence and artistry did Warney Cresswell play—never flustered or upset—that players with big reputations have been known to completely break down when opposed to this defender. He was remarkable in every respect.

As a boy he played for England. When war was declared, in 1914, he joined the Royal Artillery, and while stationed in London turned out for the Spurs. They, when Peace returned, offered him a professional ticket, but he wanted to return North to his native Durham, and linked up with the old South Shields club.

In the Second Division his attractive defensive play was noted by several clubs and Sunderland signed him. After years of good service he moved on to Everton, where he shared in the Goodison Park club's success in the Second Division, First Division, and Cup. And when the game speeded up Warney refused to be hurried—and still

managed to outwit his younger and faster opponents!

As one international winger said after Warney Cresswell had been taking the ball from him all the afternoon: "He's the miracle man among backs."

He was right!

Wing-half-backs have also been an Everton tradition, so far as top-class men are concerned. Their present middle-liners, Joe Mercer (left-half), and Cliff Britton (right-half), who occupy these positions in the England side, are no exception. Joe Mercer took over from the Everton captain, "Jock" Thomson, a player with a big heart and a great deal of skill.

In the face of defeat Thomson could always be relied upon to make a do-or-die effort to rouse his team. Not always, of course, was he able to avert defeat, but he always endeavoured to bring about this end. I've seen this dour Scot run himself to near collapse, and then finally instigate the move that brought the winning goal. Always, however, would he "play up" the man who scored. Never did you see the Everton skipper try to take any credit for himself.

Just before he joined Everton, from Dundee, he was thinking of quitting football to become a policeman—with the Liverpool Police Force. He decided to forget wearing police blue at Liverpool—but travelled to the Lancashire port for all that, to wear Everton's blue shirt.

A fine player, he will be best remembered, however, for his remarkable powers as captain of a very remarkable team.

All the men I've mentioned did much to make Everton such a power, but their personal achievements are best remembered by the fan who pays his shilling at the gate. Personalities are what draws him; the players "spot-lighted" here were personalities in every possible way.



The Orange Intrigue

HOW rarely does it happen that, in the right moment, a great man is to be found to head the execution of vast and noble designs; but it as rarely happens that, when the Devil's work is to be done, the miscreant is not at hand who readily and at once enters upon the infamous task.

The wretched tool in this instance was Tyckelaer, a surgeon by profession. He lodged an information against Cornelius De Witte, setting forth that the warden—who, as he had shown by the letters added to his signature, was fuming at the repeal of the "Perpetual Edict"—had, from hatred against William of Orange, hired an assassin to deliver the new republic of its new Stadtholder; and he, Tyckelaer, was the person thus chosen; but that, horrified at the bare idea of the act which he was asked to perpetrate, he had preferred rather to reveal the crime than to commit it.

This disclosure was, indeed, well calculated to call forth a furious outbreak among the Orange faction. The Attorney-General caused, on the 16th of

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas

PART 2

August, 1672, Cornelius De Witte to be arrested; and the noble brother of John De Witte had, like the vilest criminal, to undergo, in one of the apartments of the town prison, the preparatory degree of torture by means of which his judges expected to force from him the confession of his alleged plot against William of Orange.

But Cornelius was not only possessed of a great mind, but also of a great heart. He belonged to that race of martyrs who, indissolubly wedded to their political conviction, as their ancestors were to their faith, are able to smile on pain; whilst being stretched on the rack, he recited, with a firm voice, and scanning the lines according to measure, the first strophe of the "Justum ac tenacem" of Horace; and, making no confession, tired not only the strength, but even the fanaticism, of his executioners.

The judges, notwithstanding, acquitted Tyckelaer from every charge; at the same time sentencing Cornelius to be deposed from all his offices and dignities; to pay all the costs of the trial; and to be banished the soil of the republic for ever.

This judgment against not only an innocent but also a great man, was indeed some gratification to the passions of the people, to whose interests Cornelius De Witte had always devoted himself; but, as we shall soon see, it was not enough.

The Athenians, who, indeed, have left behind them a pretty tolerable reputation for ingratitude, have in this respect to yield precedence to the Dutch. They, at least, in the case of Aristides, contented themselves with banishing him.

John De Witte, at the first intimation of the charge brought against his brother, had resigned his office of Grand Pensionary. He, too, received a noble recompense for his devotedness to the best

to exile, and to see what traces the torture of the rack had left on the noble frame of the man who knew his Horace so well.

Yet all this multitude was not crowding to the Buitenhof with the innocent view of merely feasting their eyes with the spectacle; there were many who went there to play an active part in it, and to take upon themselves an office which they conceived had been badly filled—that of the executioner.

There were, indeed, others with less hostile intentions. All that they cared for was the spectacle, always so attractive to the mob, whose instinctive pride is flattered by it—the sight of greatness hurled down into the dust.

"Has not," they would say, "this Cornelius De Witte been locked up and broken by the rack? Shall we not see him pale, streaming with blood, covered with shame?" And was not this a sweet triumph for the burghers of the Hague, whose envy even beat that of the common rabble; a triumph in which every honest citizen and townsman might be expected to share?

"Moreover," hinted the Orange agitators interspersed through the crowd, whom they hoped to manage like a sharp-edged and, at the same time, crushing instrument—"moreover, will not, from the Buitenhof to the gate of the town, a fine little opportunity present itself to throw some handfuls of dirt, or a few stones, at this Cornelius De Witte, who not only conferred the dignity of Stadtholder on the Prince of Orange merely 'Vi Coactus,' but who also intended to have him assassinated?"

Besides which, the fierce enemies of France chimed in, "if the work were done well and bravely at the Hague, Cornelius would certainly not be allowed to go into exile, where he will renew his intrigues with France, and live with his big scoundrel of a brother, John, on the gold of the Marquis de Louvois."

Being in such a temper, people generally will run rather than walk; which was the reason why the inhabitants of the Hague were hurrying so fast toward the Buitenhof.

Honest Tyckelaer, with a heart full of spite and malice, and with no particular plan settled in his mind, was one of the foremost, being paraded about by the Orange party like a hero of probity, national honour, and Christian charity.

This daring miscreant detailed, with all the embellishments and flourishes suggested by his base mind and his ruffianly imagination, the attempts which he pretended Cornelius De Witte had made to corrupt him; the sums of money which were promised; and all the diabolical stratagems planned beforehand to smooth for him, Tyckelaer, all the difficulties in the path of murder.

And every phrase of his speech, eagerly listened to by the populace, called forth en-

With Our Roving Cameraman



HOW THEY GROW 'EM.

Look at that lovely skin, the radiation of health and growth, the happy generosity of proportions, the curves and bulges that speak of days and years in the tropical sunshine, the warm laughter that bubbles to the surface with sheer delight of living! Here! Who are we talking about? The Zulu woman or the pumpkin she carries? Well, it all goes for both.

thusiastic cheers for the Prince of Orange, and groans and imprecations of blind fury against the brothers De Witte.

The mob even began to vent its rage by inveighing against the iniquitous judges, who had allowed such a detestable criminal as the villain Cornelius to get off so cheaply.

Some of the agitators whispered: "He will be off, he will escape from us!" Others replied:

"A vessel is waiting for him at Schevening, a French craft. Tyckelaer has seen her."

"Honest Tyckelaer! Hurrah for Tyckelaer!" the mob cried in a chorus.

"And let us not forget," a voice exclaimed from the crowd, "that at the same time with Cornelius, his brother, John, who is as rascally a traitor as himself, will likewise make his escape."

"And the two rogues will in France make merry with our money, with the money for our vessels, our arsenals, and our dockyards, which they have sold to Louis XIV."

"Well then, don't let us allow them to depart!" advised one of the patriots who had gained the start of the others.

"Forward to the prison, to the prison!" echoed the crowd.

Among these cries, the citizens ran along faster and faster, cocking their muskets, brandishing their hatchets, and looking death and defiance in all directions.

Answers to Allied Ports and Mixed Doubles in No. 337. PALERMO.

(a) ABODE & DWELLING. (b) DEPART & REMAIN.

No violence, however, had as yet been committed, and the file of horsemen who were guarding the approaches of the Buitenhof remained cool, unmoved, silent, much more threatening in their impassibility than all this crowd of burghers, with their cries, their agitation, and their threats.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—286

1. Add some mud to ADD and make it much appreciated.
2. In the following proverb, both the letters in the words and the words themselves have been shuffled. What is it?
Ont awest tawn ton.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change GOOD into WISE and then back again into GOOD, without using the same word twice.

4. What game is hidden in the following sentence? That was a comic rick Eton boys made from the hay in their playing fields. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 285

1. ADVANCE. 2. Every dog has his day. 3. APE, aye, lye, lie, lit, bit, bat, ban, MAN, can, cam, dam, dim, aim, arm, art, apt, APE. 4. L-up-in-Es.

QUIZ for today

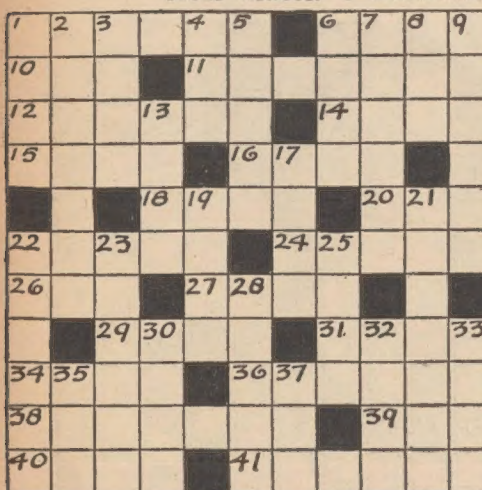
1. A turbit is a fish, bundle of twigs, Indian hat, bird, musical instrument, carpenter's tool?
2. Who wrote (a) Nostromo, (b) Sordello?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Sledgehammer, Beetle, Claw-hammer, Yellow-hammer, Leather-hammer, Coal-hammer, Toffee-hammer?
4. What well-known man is associated with a spider?
5. Was Captain Scott's last expedition to the North or South Pole?
6. Who was known as Old Abe?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Wizard, Widdershins, Wolverine, Woold, Wivern, Woolfram, Windiestraw?
8. How many gallons of milk does a good cow yield per day?
9. What country has a red hand as part of its national emblem?
10. What is a native of (a) Lombardy, (b) Burma, called?
11. Who went to sea with silver buckles on his knee?
12. Name three of Shakespeare plays whose titles begin with C.

Answers to Quiz in No. 337

1. Coin.
2. (a) Rose Macaulay, (b) Compton Mackenzie (also Charles Lamb).
3. Wessex is not a county; others are.
4. Henry Clay.
5. Four.
6. July 1.
7. Pilule, Pirouette.
8. Long hair on their legs.
9. This way: .
10. Abyssinia.
11. Giraffe.
12. Ram, Bull, Twins, Crab, Lion, Virgin, Scales, Scorpion, Archer, Sea-goat, Water-pourer, Fishes.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Uncultivated.



- 6 Curry.
- 10 Mineral.
- 11 Noisy merriment.
- 12 Fit for tillage.
- 14 Skin.
- 15 Floor covering.
- 16 South American capital.
- 18 Wearies.
- 20 Drag along.
- 22 Girl's name.
- 24 Enumerated things.
- 26 Bother.
- 27 Instance.
- 29 Affirm.
- 31 Sour.
- 34 Communication.
- 36 Dress.
- 38 Heighten.
- 39 Double.
- 40 Dance.
- 41 Certify.

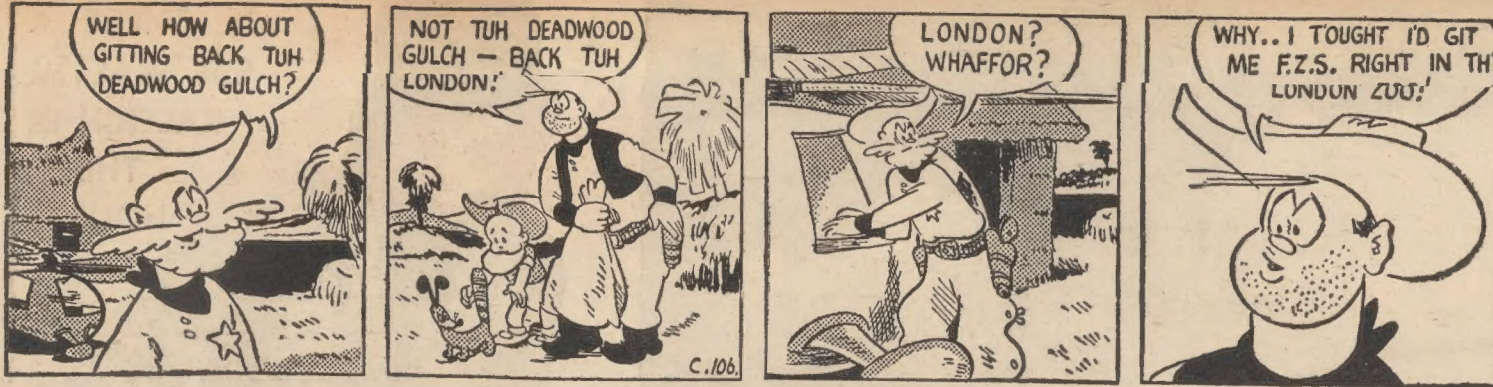
STACCATO C
OHIO NAUGHT
WORMED TRIO
R PIER ELM
MAJORS SALT
E USE HIS I
ACME HONEST
DIP TALK O
OVEN NEEDLE
WIRING ROOM
L POSTERNS

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Young animal.
 - 2 Turned up.
 - 3 Slope.
 - 4 Bird.
 - 5 Mollusc.
 - 6 Bulb.
 - 7 Soporific.
 - 8 Adults.
 - 9 Covers with drops.
 - 13 Seethe.
 - 17 English river.
 - 19 Go fast.
 - 21 Vehicle.
 - 22 Flag.
 - 23 Abominate.
 - 25 Silt.
 - 28 Palm.
 - 30 Meat.
 - 32 Heart.
 - 33 Surface depression.
 - 35 Number.
 - 37 Snare.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



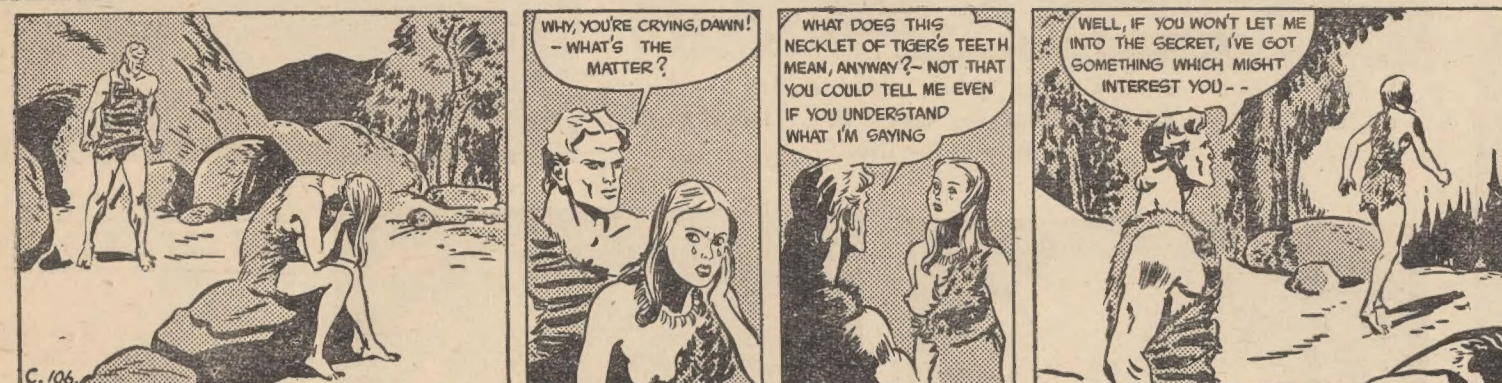
POPEYE



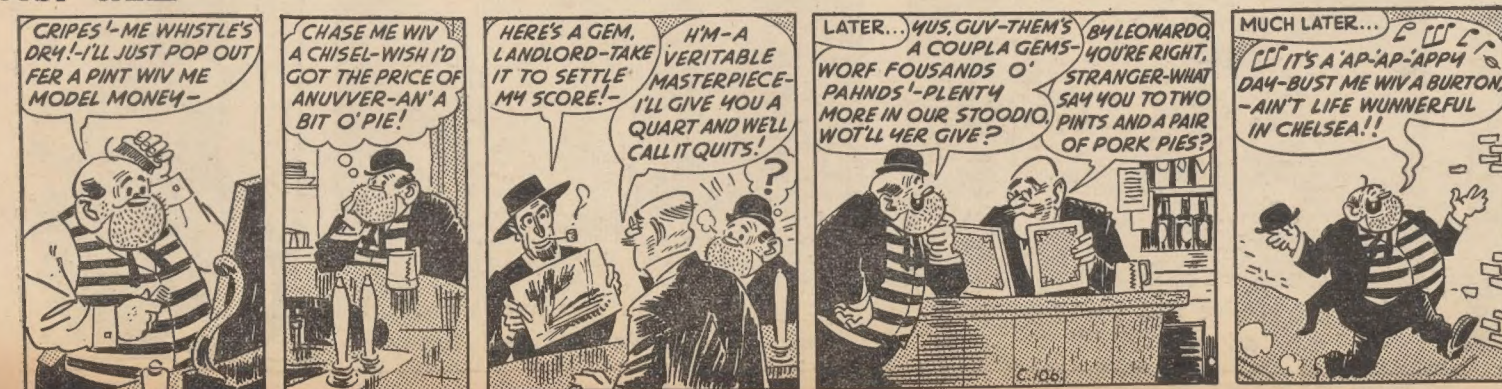
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

SO the honourable Member for Worthing and Horsham (Lord Winterton) cannot bear girl crooners. No doubt that feeling is mutual, but that is beside the point.

In the Big House recently, my noble Lord nattered that crooning reminded him of the caterwauling of an inebriated cockatoo. A certain capital crooner, who has made something like a thousand records and sung as many songs at troop concerts in four years, was heard to remark, "I envy him his qualification for comparison—what a night out that must have been—a caterwauling cockatoo—woo-woo!"

His Lordship's point was that crooning had a demoralising effect on the troops. Perhaps he would like to share a platform with Vera Lynn, Kay Harding or Anne Shelton, and after "Russian Rose," "Blues in the Night," and any boogie-woogie number, tell the audience it was all rubbish and bad for them.



Anne Shelton



Earl Winterton

ALTHOUGH undeniably it is the privilege of his Lordship to condemn the highlight of entertainment of millions, I hate to think of the hullabaloo if a crooner cracked back through a mike.

For myself, having in the past reported numerous orations of his Lordship, I'd take the crooner, whose vocal exertions are, at least, time-controlled.

HOME Secretary Herbert Morrison, I see, is taking his morning coffee with Crown law officers. Main topic is bigamy. Result will be marriage law reform that will bring to the notice of would-be wedders the crime of bigamy.

The Church of England is expected to take steps of its own to achieve the same object.

Lord Mottistone raised the subject in the House of Lords by asking that identity cards should be shown at the church.

"I am principally concerned with that form of bigamy in which a young innocent girl is entrapped by some heartless and heedless man who cannot get the girl without taking her to church or a registrar's office," he said.

A RED CROSS collector worthy of a dog biscuit is Benjamin Philosophe, resident in Wickford, Essex, a mean village of less than fifteen hundred burghers.

Not all the pennies of the seven hundred pounds gone to charity via his collection pouches have been contributed by locals, however. Oh, no; Benjamin Philosophe is a wise guy and preys mostly on passers through. When I stopped at the solitary petrol pump to feed Getter-Around III, he sidled up to me and went away half-a-crown heavier. Pubs and the church are also on his beat.

Nor is this the only money-raising scheme in his repertoire. At county sheep trials he has won several pounds.

Benjamin Philosophe is claimed to be the champion sheep dog of the southern counties.

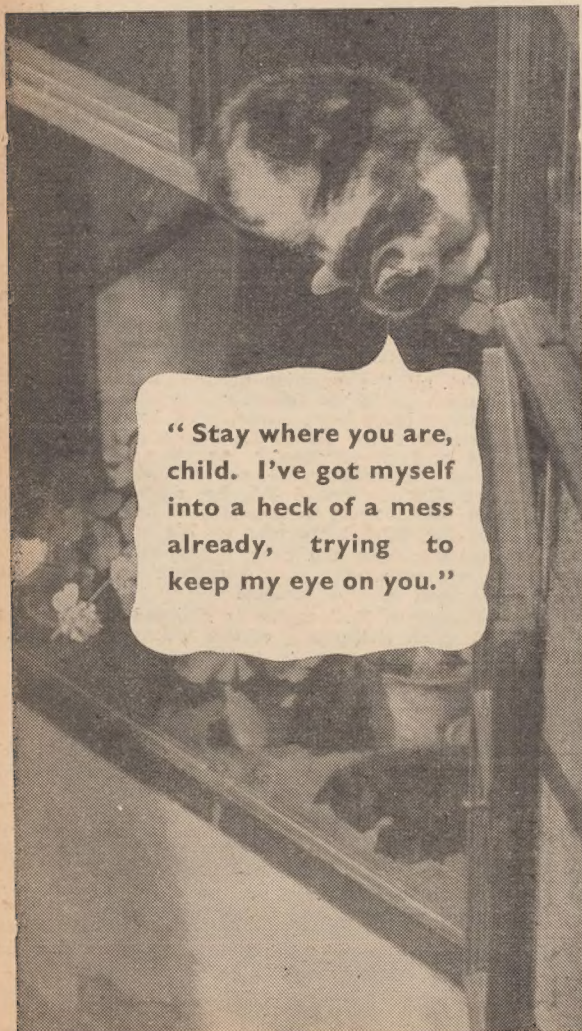
Ron Richards

Good Morning



This England

Just an English farmer out shooting ;
but could anything be more English ?



"Stay where you are,
child. I've got myself
into a heck of a mess
already, trying to
keep my eye on you."



"Talk about 'always keep your powder dry' — Boy,
oh, boy. How I wish I'd kept my wings dry. I feel posi-
tively 'grounded' for life."



"Surely you're not going to eat it
all yourself !"



"I rather wish you had, now. My
tummy doesn't half feel funny !"

IS THERE A
SIR WALTER
RALEIGH IN
THE
HOUSE ?



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"A damsel
in
distress."